

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS STORY, READER. STUDY EVERY PICTURE. BETTER NOT FAIL TO LAUGH, EITHER. MISS UP ON ONE THING AND YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD HANDED TO YOU ON A PLATTER. YOU SEE, THERE'S A VERY SPECIAL STORY HEADED YOUR WAY AND THIS IS IT. GOT A REAL FAT TITLE, TOO---

HERBIE in "LOOKIT all the HERBIES!"



STORY: AN O'SHEA BLUE PLATE SPECIAL
ART: WHITNEY-REAL CLASSY-LIKE!

A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS WAS VISITING THE NEW PENITENTIARY, JUST ESTABLISHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN---

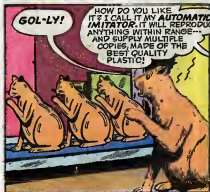
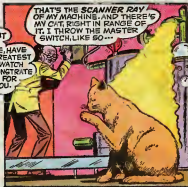
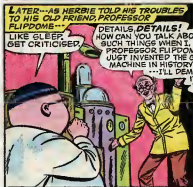
AS YOU CAN SEE, EVERYTHING'S MODERN--- AND ESCAPE-PROOF!



AND THESE CELLS--- YOU CAN'T GET IN OR OUT WITHOUT A KEY! THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS ONE---



HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct-Nov., Dec-Jan. © 1965 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 32nd & Dickey Streets, Springfield, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices 325 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 325 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Springfield, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 5, Apr-May, 1965.

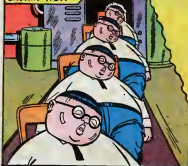


THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY WAS A FINE PLACE TO CATCH 40 WINKS---

SLEEPY---NICE
AND WARM UNDER
THIS LIGHT---
ZZZ-ZZZZZ...



"THIS LIGHT"---IT WAS THE MACHINE'S SCANNER RAY, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT ON. AND NOW---



THEY WEREN'T AROUND WHEN HE AWOKE AND WENT HOME TO EAT---AND REST A BIT---

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I'VE GOT THE ONLY
SON IN AMERICA THAT
CAN EAT WHILE HE
SLEEPS---AND SLEEP
WHILE HE EATS!
GR-RRRR...



NEXT MORNING---



LOLLIPOP
SALE

HMMM---ORANGE
FAIR, STRAWBERRY
NOT SO GOOD,
LEMON LOUSY---



MEANWHILE, AT SCHOOL---

HERBIE POPNECKER!
THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME
I'M ASKING YOU TO SHOW
ME YOUR HOMEWORK!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO ABOUT IT?



BOPYOUWITHTHISHERELOLLIPOP
---BOPYOUWITHTHISHERELOLLIPOP
---BOPYOUWITH---

I'LL TEACH YOU TO
TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT
DISGUSTING THING AWAY
FROM YOU AND THROW
IT OUT!



HUH? HOW...
HOW DID YOU
GET OUT
THERE?

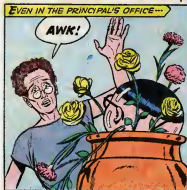


OH-HHH!



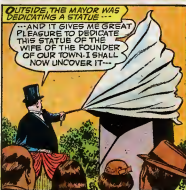
EVEN IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE---

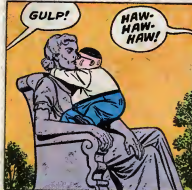
AWK!

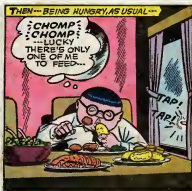
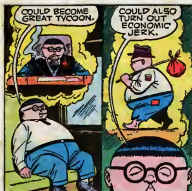


OUTSIDE, THE MAYOR WAS
DEDICATING A STATUE ---

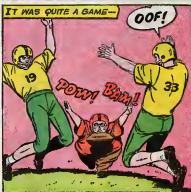
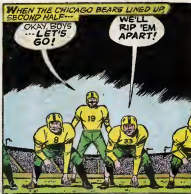
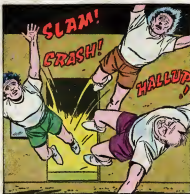
---AND IT GIVES ME GREAT
PLEASURE TO DEDICATE
THIS STATUE OF THE
WIFE OF THE FOUNDER
OF OUR TOWN. I SHALL
NOW UNCOVER IT---











(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

MEANWHILE---HERBIE WAS LISTENING TO A NEWS FLASH ON HIS TRANSISTOR RADIO---

FLASH!

ESCAPED PRISONERS FROM THE NEW PENITENTIARY HAVE GIZED ALL RESIDENTS OF **POPNECKERVILLE** AS HOSTAGES AND ARE HOLDING THE TOWN!

GOT TO GET THERE FAST---



BACK IN POPNECKERVILLE, THE ESCAPED PRISONERS WERE BEING LED BY **SWAMI O'TOOLE---**

WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER, SWAMI ---NOT WITH EVERY-ONE KNOWIN' WHERE WE ARE!

RELAX--- THEY WON'T DARE COME IN AFTER US AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT ALL THESE HOSTAGES. BUT DON'T WORRY --- I'LL LOOK INTO MY CRYSTAL BALL TO SEE IF ANY DANGER'S COMIN' OUR WAY!



WELL I'LL BE---! WHAT'S THAT?



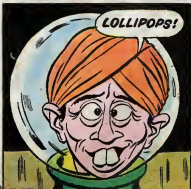
THAT'S **HERBIE,** YOU DOPE!

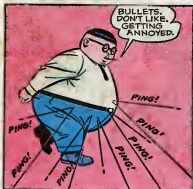
WHAT'S A HERBIE?

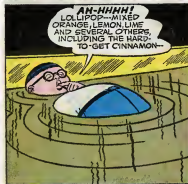
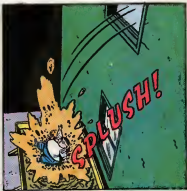
BETTER YOU FIND OUT! SHOULD NEVER

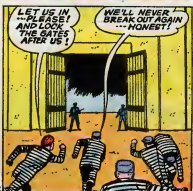
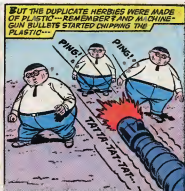
AT LEAST TELL ME HIS **WEAK POINT,** O SPIRIT OF THE CRYSTAL!

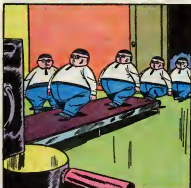
LOLLIPOPS!













HERE'S HERBIE!



Brought you another issue. "Herbie" No. 9, April-May. Might as well come right out and tell you—not a good issue. Only great. Stupendous. Stories like "Lookit All The Herbies". Get to see not one, but lots of Herbies. You done anything to deserve such luck? Then you get even luckier, with "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie". As if I needed help. But you'll have colossal time reading both stories—you'd better, if you value your health. And if you do, you'll write me letter right away, telling me how you love these stories. Address it to "Herbie", 351 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Give you a chance now to read what smart characters are saying.

"Dear Herbie:-

I have read 'Herbie' Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, as well as any other story about you I could honestly lay my hands on. In my unasked-for opinion, you are not fat, just pleasingly plump. So keep on bringing us such amazing, stupendous, colossal, fascinating, astounding and downright wonderful stories. Why don't they make a movie about such a handsome guy?

—Bill Andrews,

522 Fifth St., Shelbyville, Indiana."

Got good taste in reading, Bill. What's this jazz about not being fat? Fat, fat, water rat. Fattest hero you ever met and don't forget it. Could go into movies, but don't want Gregory Peck and Rock Hudson to starve.

"Dear Herbie:-

Wow! I just read my first copy of your magazine. We don't get very many comics out here because we are in the country—my first issue was No. 5. My mother is crazy over you, too—the second she started reading, she pulled out some money and ordered me to get a two-year subscription. I'd love to meet you because I'm always going to read your magazine. Also, I'm fat, strong as an ox and wear glasses and am crazy over lollipops. Well, got to go now...my mom wants me to put away the ten dozen lollipops I just bought.

—Michele Hasler,

9975 Wheatland, Sunland, Calif."

No time to waste talking, Michele. Send me those ten dozen lollipops right away and I'll vote you Reader of Month.

"Dear Editor:-

Thank you for putting out a magazine as good as 'Herbie'. We are just crazy about him! We like his uncanny power of communication with animals and the spirit world and his power of levitation. And as my son would say, I like his taste in lollipop! How did you ever think of putting a fat boy like him into a magazine?

—Connie Bonnell,

El Monte, California."

(Editor's Note: Had to creep in quietly to answer your letter, Mrs. Bonnell. Herbie doesn't like having me around—can't stand Editors. It wasn't my idea putting him into a magazine, it was his own. But you just don't say no to Herbie. What teeth I've got I value!)

"Dear Herbie:-

I love your new magazine—it's my number one comics book. I like it so much I don't dare miss a copy. But I did miss 'Herbie' No. 1, so I hate myself. And I'd hate myself even more if I missed another copy. So would you please tell me and your other readers if and how we could get 'Herbie' in the mail?

—Steven Costa,

89 West Hookston Road,

Pleasant Hill, California."

Okay, tell you...listen carefully. Send \$1.44 to me and get a 12-issue subscription. That way, get to read all "Herbie" stories. Lucky you.

"Dear Herbie:-

'Be ye ever so chubby, there's no one like you, Herbie!'—so says our fan club's motto.

—B. Sager, President,

10 Old Lancaster Rd., Merion, Penn."

You're right. Say—how do I get to join your "Herbie" Fan Club?

"Dear Herbie:-

Hi! I want to say Hi to the best bopper in comics. Because when I say Hi, you know I'm friendly and you won't bop a friend who says Hi friendlily! Gee, Herbie, you have everybody up here in Canada stunned by your fantastic bopping powers. Keep it up—if I ever need any enemies or monsters bopped, I'll send for you. Okay?

—Rick Goldrich,
Borden, Prince Edward Isle, Canada."
Okay.

"Fatso Herbie:-

I do not like the way you treat your admirers. You walk all over them when they like you. I dare you to come to my house and fight it out, you fat blob.

—David Smith,
104-20 34th Ave., Corona 68, N. Y."
With me, walking over admirers is sign of love. Gladly walk over you, David. Love you because you say nice things like "Fatso", "Fat Blob". Start calling me skinny, come to your house pronto. Have little things like doctors, nurses, splints ready. You'll need them.

"Dear Editor:-

I was sick of all the super-hero jazz! I wanted humor and the comics that called themselves funny were so childish I wouldn't be caught buying them. The only comic I bought was 'Forbidden Worlds'. And in it, I happened on the story 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'. After that, I bought everything that featured 'Herbie' and started following him in his own book. Why? Because he was so funny! But everyone found that nut, and every time I went down to the store to buy my copy, I found that all of the 'Herbies' had disappeared! When I went to Honolulu, I managed to get two 'Herbie' issues and read them about eight times each. Then I got a great idea. Now I wait for 'Herbie' to come in, and buy my copy before they even go out on the shelf! Keep 'Herbie' the name great magazine it's always been!

—Lance Knudsen,
1347 Rossmoyne, Glendale 7, Calif."
(Editor's Note: Sneaked in fast to answer your letter, Lance. Funny, you saying you like "Herbie" because you were sick of all the 'super-heroes. In a way, you've got to realize, Herbie is the superest hero of them all, and can lick the daylighters out of them all together! And so funny that they laugh even without teeth!)

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your magazine is great. Simply the best ever written, that's all. 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' was terrific. My friends agree with me, all except Donley Merrick. He thinks it's lousy. Would you please bop him with your lollipop for me? Faithful, loyal and happy 'Herbie' fann—

—Jack Snow & Patrick Bergin,
R. E. 1, Chester, Vermont."
Dooley Merrick, huh? Thinks story lousy? Tch, tch. Be sure to visit him. Bring flowers.

"Dear Herbie:-

I have just finished reading the September issue of your magazine, which I think is wonderful! Some friends and I have started a Herbie Fan Club, because we think you're the greatest. You, Herbie, are the Honorary President. I am vice-president. One of the boys in the club painted an oil sketch of you and we framed it and hung it up. In the September issue, Fred Landesman said that he is forming a Herbie Fan Club, and you told him that the honor for forming the first one goes to the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club of Rutgers University. I don't care about being the first—just having the honor of being in a club like this. In closing, I'd like to say congratulations to a great magazine—'Herbie'!

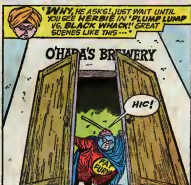
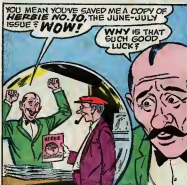
—Pierce A. Pillon,
Rt. 2, Box 825, Orange, Texas."
Oil painting of me, huh? Must be handsome!

"Dear Herbie:-

I like your magazine very much. But in the September issue, in 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral', you show Dr. Meringue pointing out 'Goliath's Sling'. But Goliath didn't have the sling—David did! Otherwise you have the best comics book in the world. Keep it up!

—Steve Schmidt,
Box 311, Meridian, Texas."
Said that, did it? Goes to show you...was tired and popped out for lollipop, left things to Editor. Never leave things to Editor... makes mistakes all over place. Fix him proper...few broken bones and contusions and he'll know difference between David and Goliath in future. Thanks, Steve...

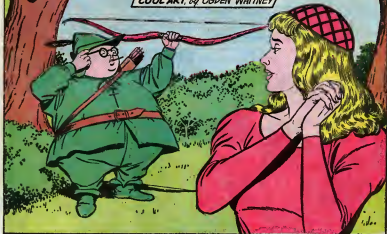
LOOK INTO THE FUTURE!



THE PLUMP LUMP IS IN A REAL FIX THIS TIME, HIS FAT PROBLEM. SO DON'T YOU GET IN THE WAY. JUST STAND ASIDE AND HOWL AS YOU WATCH HIM SOLVE IT IN THE TITTER-TALE CALLED---

"ONLY ROBIN HOOD CAN HELP *you* HERBIE!"

GREAT PLOT, by SHANE O'SHEA
COOL ART, by OGDEN WHITNEY



YOU OUGHT TO LET UP ON HERBIE, DAD. LET'S FACE IT--HE'S JUST NOT AN ATHLETE.

I KNOW IT-- BUT DO YOU BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO BE **PROUD** OF MY SON GOLDURN IT, THERE MUST BE **SOMETHING** THAT DOESN'T REQUIRE ACTION--SOMETHING HE CAN BE **GOOD** AT--

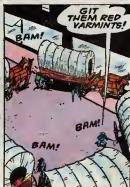


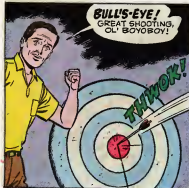
AND WHAT DAD FINALLY CAME UP WITH WAS---

I GOT YOU THIS **BOW-AND-ARROW** SET, HERBIE. ALL YOU NEED IS PRACTICE ---AND I'LL BET YOU'LL BE REAL GOOD AT IT!

GOOD-SCHMOOD. YOU WANT ME, I'LL TRY.







THAT'S RIGHT--- I HAVEN'T
SEEN MY SON ROBIN IN YEARS
AND I WANT TO **SURPRISE**
HIM! DON'T TELL HIM WHY---
BUT IF YOU COULD JUST GET
HIM TO COME TO THE GLADE
NEAR THE EDGE OF THE
FOREST--- **ALONE**---



SURE. ALWAYS
GLAD TO
REUNITE
FATHER AND
SON. GENTLEMAN.

BUT FIRST HE HAD TO FIND ROBIN---

GREAT SEEING YOU,
HERBIE! NOW IF YOU
WANT ROBIN HOOD,
YOU HEAD STRAIGHT
DOWN THIS WAY,
SEE---

THANKS.
REGARDS
TO FAMILY.



BAM!
I'M LITTLE JOHN!
THIS IS ROBIN HOOD'S
PRESERVE, AND
NOBODY PASSES
--- WITHOUT FIGHTING
ME FIRST!

FIGHT-
SCHMIGHT.
HATE
FIGHTING---

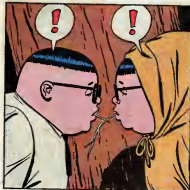


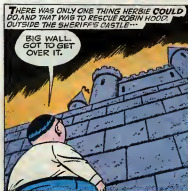
---BUT AS
LONG AS I
HAVE
TO---



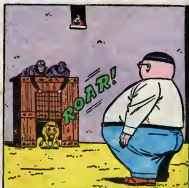
SOMETHING
BEHIND TREE.
BETTER
LOOK.

CRACK!

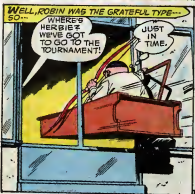
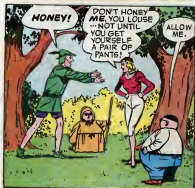
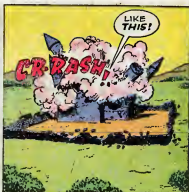












AND SO IT WAS AGREED.
IT WAS THE CHAMPION'S
TURN FIRST---

IT'S A FULL MILE...
YOU'VE GOT TO BE
A CHAMP TO EVEN
COME NEAR THE
TARGET!

HIT IT!
NOBODY CAN
MATCH THAT--
GO AHEAD
AND TRY!

THWOK!

GOTTA GET THIS
ARROW DRAWN BACK.
UGH--- OOF---

SPRONG!

HURRAH!
BULL'S-
EYE--
HERBIE
WINS!

BACK HOME---

OKAY--- ONE
MORE SHOT
OF THE NEW
NATIONAL
CHAMP!

WHAT AN ARCHER
MY SON IS, GENTLEMEN
---THEY DON'T COME
BETTER! MATTER OF
FACT, I TRUST HIS AIM
SO MUCH THAT I'M
GOING TO REVERSE
THE OLD WILLIAM
TELL ROUTINE!

GO AHEAD,
HERBIE,
SHOOT IT
OFF!

PLOP!

NOW WHATEVER
COULD HAVE MADE
HIM FAINT LIKE
THAT?

**THE
END!**

NELLIE NO-DATE

DAILY STERN

SECRETARY WANTED...TO YOUNG SCIENTIST. APPLY 416 MAIN STREET.

IT MUST BE A WONDERFUL JOB...I'LL APPLY. AT LEAST, IT'S WORKING FOR A MAN!

I KNOW THE HOURS ARE LONG AND THE PAY IS LOW--THAT'S WHY I CAN'T GET ANYBODY AND I'M DESPERATE! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU'LL ONLY TAKE THE JOB!

HMMMM... LOOK, MY SORORITY IS HAVING A DANCE--AND VERY FRANKLY, I'M HAVING DATE TROUBLE!

SO MY PROPOSITION IS THIS --YOU BE MY DATE FOR THE OCCASION AND I'LL COME TO WORK FOR YOU. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

!GULP!
--D-DONE!

YOU SAY THIS NEW BOSS OF YOURS IS WORKING ON AN INVISIBILITY RAY, NELLIE? MUST BE ONE OF THOSE CRAZY OLD PROFS, HUN?

WRONG! NOT ONLY IS HE THE HANDSOMEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST GORGEOUS HUNK OF MAN GOING, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO SEE HIM! HE'S GOING TO BE MY DATE AT OUR SORORITY DANCE!

"...AND I WISH TO STATE THAT MY INVISIBILITY RAY MACHINE IS NOW COMPLETED AND AWAITING TRY-OUT--"

HE'S GOING TO KNOCK EVERYONE'S EYE OUT AT THE DANCE --MY DATE!

THE AFTERNOON OF THE DANCE--

THERE SHE IS, READY TO ROLL! CAN YOU PICTURE THE EFFECTS IF THIS RAY WERE TURNED ON --NO, NO, NELLIE! DON'T THROW THE SWITCH!

BLAM!

AND THEN--THE DANCE--

I TOLD YOU NOT TO THROW THAT SWITCH!

№9
APRIL-MAY
IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

HERBIE

12

This's WAY for LAFFS!
'LOOKIT all the HERBIES!'
'ONLY ROBIN HOOD
COUL HELP YOU, HERBIE!'

